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ALTAR FLOWERS.

By Annie C.
McQueen

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’TIS Easter-tide, and the flowers

Hold fête in regal way,

To honor their risen Saviour,

And joy in the Easter day.

High on the altars cluster

Their graceful forms, and rare

As costly incense, rising,

Sweet fragrance fills the air.

ROBED in their pearly garments
Of white, like an Angel band,
With stately heads uplifted,
Proudly the lilies stand.

For Solomon in his glory
Could not with these compare,
Who neither toil nor spin, yet
Such wonderous garments wear.



GLAD to be of the chosen

To speak for the Master's praise.

More eloquent they, in silence,

Than all who worship raise.

And gentle snow-drops, peeping,

From among the flowers tall,

Look up in faith, nor murmur,

To know themselves so small.

W HILE all the host of blossoms,
That such pure raiment wear,
Have but one cherished purpose,
To yield their homage there.

To glorify their Saviour,
The Lord of Life, above,
Who made all things so joyous,
And blessed them with His love.

ANNIE C. McQUEEN.



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